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EMPLOYMENT OF FEMALES.

THERE is something wrong, with respect to the employment of unmarried females, in our social economy: in no place is there a sufficiency of right employment for all who need to be busy. In the large manufacturing towns, it is true, nearly the whole of the humbler class appears to find employment; but this is not the case any where else; while nowhere is there a sufficiency for females of what may be called the middle rank. Much of the labour, too, now given to women, is not of a kind for which they are the best qualified.

The highest class of females who ever need to win their own bread, are those children of the superior order of the middle ranks, who, generally in consequence of the death or declining circumstances of their parents, are obliged to become teachers either in a public or private capacity. There is scarcely another employment besides that of an assistant in a female school, or of a governess in a private family, open to this class of females. Now, it is not naturally likely that all the young women whose parents are dead or in decayed circumstances, should be capable of acting successfully in either of these capacities. And the fact really is, that very many of them are not capable of doing so. With the qualification of misfortune only, and recommended by benevolent but unthinking friends, many are sent abroad to win their bread in these capacities, who are quite unfit to discharge the proper duties in a creditable manner. I have known girls drilled for years on the piano-forte, in order that they might be able to teach music—the accomplishment at present regarded as the highest that a governess can possess—when it was evident that the young creatures had no ear for music, and only with the greatest difficulty learned the movements mechanically, so that it was as impossible that they should ever teach music with the requisite taste and feeling, as that a dumb man should teach elocution. The consequences of these disqualifications are painfully conspicuous. Many of these unfortunate girls either fail in obtaining situations, or obtain very humble ones, or very unpleasant ones, in which, not unnaturally, their employers do not respect them. They are therefore miserable. Another, though less direct result, is, that they often forfeit the invaluable privilege of disposing of their affections, and, to escape the pains of their situation, marry individuals whom they do not and never can love—a step pregnant with the greatest danger to the comfort of the remainder of their lives. To many readers this will seem a too strong statement of the evil in question, but I am convinced, from extensive observation, that it is only too true.

Now, surely, it is desirable that young ladies of this rank, anxious for an independent means of existence, should have a variety of employments at their choice, so that each might select that for which her talents and tastes are suitable. Young men have this variety before them, and each takes the course he likes best. Let us consider how awkward it would be if all boys were condemned to be teachers, and we shall see in a moment how utterly absurd is the fate to which the class of females alluded to is condemned. It is no more in nature that all girls should make good teachers, than that all boys should make good teachers. It may fairly be assumed, then, that the range of employments for the better class of young ladies should be extended. The questions remain, what other employments would suit these young ladies? and how is the requisite change in the customs of society to be brought about? I do not feel myself qualified fully to answer either of these inquiries; but, if I can call attention to the subject, they will both be answered in time.

Certainly, the mercantile world presents a proper field of employment for many of the class of females under notice. They would be most appropriate dealers, either as principals or subordinates, in all the matters connected with the clothing and decoration of their own sex—much more appropriate, surely, than men, who ought to be ashamed to interfere in this department. They would also be more suitable than men for transacting business in toys, jewellery, books, stationery, music, gloves, and many of the lighter articles required in the furnishing of houses. There is also a large class of places of business in which they might, with the greatest propriety, act as clerks. It may be said that to bring young women so closely into contact with the world, would be apt to efface that refinement of manners and feelings which is so much appreciated in the sex. But without denying that such a result might to a certain extent take place, I would ask, what is the alternative? The miseries painted above as flowing from a too exclusive direction of young females to the business of teaching. I would even say that some small degree of the evils anticipated from a close contact with the world, is not so disagreeable in contemplation as the manner often actually acquired in the more private station—a manner of great stiffness and formality; declaring with painful clearness how much the reverse of natural and free is the condition of a female teacher in a private family.

The female children of the lower section of the middle rank are almost universally under the necessity of working for their own subsistence. And here, also, there is a distressing limitation in the field of employment. The work of the sempstress is almost the only employment open to them, and the consequence is, that they are too slenderly remunerated. Here, too, we see a good deal of the absurdity of applying to a task for which nature has not given the proper qualifications. All women, certainly, appear to be able to sew; but all women are not able to execute the higher kinds of millinery work. To shape and sew clothes well, requires a peculiar ability, as much as to plan a house, adjust the parts of an engine, or carve a figure. A proper milliner is an artist. She requires a fine sense of form, a taste for the beautiful, and a large endowment of that peculiar mental faculty which passes by the appellation of neatness of hand. It is because the French nation have these mental gifts in greater perfection than the English, that the French milliners are the best; and it is because the English have the same gifts in superior endowment to the Scotch and Irish, that the ladies' dresses seen on the streets of London are superior to those seen in Edinburgh and Dublin.* These are natural truths, which it would be the height of folly to attempt to disguise or evade. The superiority of the Greeks in sculpture was the result of a similarly superior endowment in the requisite intellectual powers. Now, the custom of society is to send girls to the business of millinery, without the least consideration of their being naturally qualified or disqualified, though it would not be less absurd to devote all the boys born in a particular rank to some craft requiring peculiar ingenuity. If only those really able and disposed to be milliners were put to this business, not only would clothes be better made, but, by reason of the less competition for employment, the work would be better paid. Females of this class might also be much

more extensively employed than they are as shop-women. There are even some of the mechanical arts, at present exclusively practised by men, for which this class of women would be found fit. There is nothing whatever in the art of the compositor, the watchmaker, the engraver, the type-founder, and many others, which women would be unable to accomplish. Their greater nicety and minute skill would even qualify them above the generality of men for these employments. A further variety of employment might be placed within their choice by the extension of the millinery art. Many new kinds of needlework might be invented, for which properly qualified persons would no doubt be found. Tam-bouring was all at once added a few years ago to the art, and instantly brought numberless fresh fingers into activity. The fine flowered sewing, called Ayrshire work, has likewise been created within the last few years, and now yields subsistence to many females in various districts of Scotland, who formerly ate the bitter bread of dependence, or the stunted bread of unavoidable idleness.

With reference to the proposal for turning women to some of the employments at present engrossed by men, it may be said, as an objection, that, supposing it carried in some degree into effect, it would only take bread from the mouth of one sex to give it to the other. But this objection I regard as simply identical with the well-known and oft-refuted objections to machinery. It seems to be always supposed by such objectors that the industry of a great empire knows no variations, that there is always the same number of hands required by every particular branch of employment, and that even the workmen exist for ever; whereas the fact is, that work and business are undergoing perpetual fluctuations, one department contracting, another extending, old hands going out, new hands coming in, one channel of commerce opening, another shutting—a constant scene, in short, of creation, destruction, migration, and change. Were women to be gradually adapted to the employments pointed out, either the increase of the employment itself would cause their addition to be unperceived, or fewer men would go into the profession; and thus things would be kept at their level. But even if men were to be slightly inconvenienced by the competition of women, are particular interests to be sacrificed to general ones—are the many to be sacrificed to the few? Nor would men, after all, be without some share of the general benefit arising from the change. If the female relations in many cases depending upon them were enabled to live independently, would not the men experience a tangible advantage—if enabled to live more contentedly and agreeably, would not the men experience a still higher and greater benefit, in the pleasure they would have in contemplating the happiness of beings in whom they feel so much interest?

A more potent objection, I apprehend, will be found in the reluctance of the females themselves to extend their views to the employments pointed out, and to others of the like kind, which might be devised. Reared as they generally are, in a very demure privacy, with notions of shrinking delicacy respecting the public world, they are at present seen preferring the underpaid, and in many respects painful situations of teachers and milliners, to other employments actually within their reach, simply because these employments keep them in a great measure within the domestic circle. And this is just the cause why those employments are underpaid, a part of the remuneration virtually consisting in the privacy which they admit of. Surely, however, the system of education which causes these feelings might be a little relaxed for the sake of

* One nation sometimes gets the start of another in the employment of particular faculties. It is extremely likely that the English will ultimately, by the exercise of the powers in question, enjoy them in a state of as great perfection as the French do at present. But the French were milliners a hundred years before the English.

the ends here pointed out. When it is seen to lead to such results, it cannot be considered as an unmixed good; and ought it not, therefore, to be reformed? If education were really what it ought to be, so wretched a means of preserving feminine delicacy would not be required. Women would become self-protective. Existence in this country is perhaps too much a fireside one. We practically renounce for it much of that enjoyment of nature which Beattie so pathetically recommends. We lose for it much of that enjoyment from seeing and hearing each other for which we are naturally qualified. Let it never be forgot that these things are not morality, but only the external modes it may wear. I would, like Waller, bid women "come forth to be admired." For my part, I see no actual or necessary difference, in all proper reasons for estimation, between a girl who keeps her father's shop, and one who sits sewing or teaching in a chamber all day. Upon the whole, a knowledge of the world acquired in circumstances preclusive of its actual contaminations, rather ought to give the former the preference. Her condition, both bodily and mental, is apt to be even more healthy.

It is not of course to be expected that any immediate observable revolution is to be effected by these speculations. If they awaken reflection on the subject in a few minds, and tend at all to favour the object in view, their humble end will have been accomplished.

DIEPPE TO ROUEN.—THE LAME SOLDIER.

[The article entitled "Story of a Trip to Dieppe," in No. 295, was designed as the first of a series of papers under the denomination of "Scenes from an Old Journal." It was the purpose of the writer, in these papers, to enliven a narrative of travel (if a journey through the nearest continental countries can be dignified by such an appellation) with somewhat amplified accounts of certain incidents of a comic or affecting character which fell under his observation by the way. The present article is the second of the series.]

"Ay!" exclaimed I this morning, when I awoke and found myself lying under the silk drapery of my French bed, in the Regent Hotel at Dieppe, "this is the 12th of August, and I am in France! Had I been in Scotland now, I should have been on the mountain long ere I had light enough to see the farther end of my gun, and many a proud moor-cock should it have humbled before this hour of the day. But the plumed chiefs and chieftains of the rough-legged race may rear themselves on their heathery hillocks, spread their red combs to the sun, stretch their wings, and crow defiance to me, for this year no shot of mine shall harm them."

By ten o'clock the Rouen diligence appeared in the street, and I hastened along with the other passengers to take our places in the lumbering machine. A diligence has often been described; but it is necessary for my present purpose to remind the reader that it is a huge vehicle, compounded as it were of cabriolet, coach, and basket, running upon four wheels, the two hinder of which resemble those used for carrying logs, and altogether looking rather like a large solid house than a thing intended for the transportation of human beings. The top is railed round, and in general covered with baggage, and designed for baggage only; but, notwithstanding a law to the contrary, passengers are often stowed away here also, so that the total population of a diligence sometimes amounts to about thirty persons. The heat of the weather, or the desire of viewing the country, or the pleasure of breaking a law, induced us and our acquaintances of the packet to select this forbidden ground for our locality; and many of us accordingly mounted to it by the ladder, and sought about amidst the baggage for seats as soft and as free from elbowing angularities as possible. Whilst thus engaged, we afforded great amusement to a crowd of French of all ranks and sexes, who, with a rudeness very unlike the admitted politeness of this polished people, stood laughing at us, and ridiculing us from below, every now and then volleying on us the national nicknames of Monsieur Bistick!—Monsieur Pomme-de-Terre!—mingled with a thousand witty and satirical remarks upon the various individuals against whom their mirth and malice were directed.

Whilst this was going on, a compact, smart-looking little man, in an old foraging cap, and clad in a decayed uniform, so worn, patched, and mended, as to have rendered it quite a puzzle to the most perfectly learned in such matters, to have determined to what service it had belonged, came stumping up the street on a wooden leg, with a small bundle hanging on a stick over his shoulder. Halting opposite to us with a military air—"Shame on ye for Frenchmen!" cried he in French. "If you had fought the gallant English as I have done, you would have learned to have respected them more. Next to our own soldiers, there are none who wield the musket or the sabre with a more determined hand. *Fie, fie!* none but cowards would so assail the brave English." "Bravo, my gallant fellow," cried my companion, putting his hand into his pocket, and throwing him a half-crown piece; "take that for your liberal sentiment." "Poor as I am, and wretched as is my plight," replied the disabled soldier, stooping with difficulty to pick up the coin, "I am no beggar; nay, I am too proud to beg; but I take your present, sir, with thanks, as the offering of a generous mind; as, for the same cause, I have condescended to accept of the hospitality of humbler men, in the forlorn condition into which fate has thrown me. Sir, and gentlemen, I wish you *bon voyage*;" and so saying, he stumped away, and was soon

out of sight. Most of the curs slunk aside for a time after this rebuke from the gallant soldier, but the greater number again rallied to the charge, and others soon joining the throng, new vigour was inspired into the band, and they began again, more bitterly than ever, to give vent to their silly spite. As the horses were by this time put to, and we were about to start, I watched my opportunity, and just at the moment when all their faces were turned upwards, and that they were in full vociferation against us, I opened my snuff-box unperceived, and quietly drifted half its contents over them. The snuff fell like a cloud upon them, and the effects were marvellous. In an instant their sneering, grinning, and chattering, were converted into coughing, sputtering, and convulsions of sneezing, which brought some of their heads into strange, sudden, rude, and most unaccountable contact, producing hot words, bloody noses, and many other disasters among them, and we drove off, leaving the discomfited group utterly unconscious of the cause of this unlooked-for visitation.

We had not proceeded far on our journey, till, on going slowly up a hill, we passed a figure seated by the way-side, and, on a nearer approach, we ascertained that it was our friend and ally the lame soldier. He arose, took off his hat, and saluted us. "Whither are you journeying, my friend?" demanded I in French. "I am going as far as Rouen, Monsieur," replied he. I immediately spoke to the conducteur, and, using some solid arguments with him, I secured a place on the roof for the poor man; and when we reached the level ground, we stopped, and the ladder being let down for him, he quickly mounted with great agility by means of his one leg and his arms, and was soon seated on a large trunk, where he poured out his thanks to us in grateful superfluity. We had now more leisure and better opportunity to make ourselves acquainted with his appearance, which had something very striking and very prepossessing in it. His figure was extremely slight and elegant, and his countenance exhibited a set of remarkably handsome and delicate features, though they were browned and bronzed by exposure to weather and hard service. His eyes were dark, sparkling, quick, and intelligent; and although he exhibited neither beard nor moustaches, his jet black hair was peculiarly abundant, and hung from under his foraging cap with an almost feminine luxuriance. His hands were small, but they bore many marks of having done good service, and a sabre cut over his brow showed plainly enough that he had been accustomed to face his foe. From all appearance his age might be about five or six and twenty.

"You have done me a most charitable act, Messieurs," said he to my friend and me after he was seated; "I travelled the greater part of last night, and as Rouen is thirty-six miles from Dieppe, I should have had little chance of reaching that city in less than two days, tired as I am, and with this wooden leg of mine." "You have been making a long journey, then?" said I. "No, Monsieur," replied he; "I have come no farther than from Abbeville. But, in my present crippled state, that indeed is a long journey for me." "May we entreat of you to let us a little into your history?" demanded I. But immediately observing that he appeared somewhat embarrassed at my question, I added, "Yet forgive me if I have asked for more than it would be agreeable for you to communicate." "To you, gentlemen," said he, leaning forward his head so as to place it between mine and that of my friend, and speaking in such a tone of voice as the continued rumbling of the heavy vehicle rendered inaudible to all others except ourselves—"to you who have behaved with so much courtesy to me, I can refuse nothing. I am a native of the city to which we are now travelling, and of which my father was an humble though by no means a very poor *bourgeois*. Certain disappointments in love soured my early prospects of happiness. My father was dead, but, abandoning the wealth he left me, I went with the conscription. I soon became ardently devoted to Bonaparte and the glory of France. As a hussar, I followed the fortunes of both through many a bloody field. Ay, to you I may say the fortunes of both—for the glory of France was the sun of Napoleon, and when that sun set on the fatal field of Waterloo, the glory of France departed with it. It was on that field that this worthless limb of mine was shattered by the same ball that killed my horse under me. Would that the shattering of my whole carcase could have that day saved the cause of the emperor! I had previously received this severe sabre cut in my head; and I lay all that night agonised by pain and thirst, and growing fainter and fainter every moment. Just as the level sun of the ensuing morning had begun to illuminate that field of death and carnage, it happened that an old woman of the name of Marguerite Roque, a follower of the camp, and a vender of various little articles of consumption to the soldiers, came by with her little cart. I had more than once had the good luck to do this old dame some friendly acts; and I no sooner beheld her, than I called to her by name. The moment she recognised me, she lifted me up, and laid me tenderly in her cart; and having obtained the accidental aid of a surgeon, my broken limb was amputated, and I was afterwards carried by easy stages to Abbeville, near which town was the humble cottage of her residence. The long and tiresome journey had so severe an effect on my constitution, that I was for several months in a state of health so precarious, that my death was more than once looked for; and during

all this time, my kind and charitable preserver bestowed the most unremitting attention on me, and contributed to all my wants, so far as her own poor circumstances would allow. At length it pleased God to restore me; and I had no sooner gathered strength enough to move about, than I endeavoured to repay my benefactress by contributing by my labour to her support; and, alas! she now began to require my nursing in her turn. The failure of nature, from length of years, became more and more apparent in her every day. The sand of her life seemed to run faster out as it approached its end. She had outlived all her relations and friends, but I endeavoured to do all that friend or relative could have done for her. It was some satisfaction to me to see that the poor dying old woman was sensible of this. The last feeble squeeze of her damp and trembling hand, and the last expiring beam of thankfulness from her benevolent eye, were to me as rich rewards for the many hours which my gratitude had made it pleasing to me to bestow in attendance upon her. I received her last parting breath, closed her eyes, saw her laid decently in the grave, dropped a few tears of sincere sorrow over her; and those to whom she was indebted having seized all that remained of her miserable effects, after defraying the expenses of her funeral, I bade adieu with grief to the cottage where I had experienced so much goodness, and I am now on my return to the place of my birth, And," continued he, after a pause and a sigh, "Heaven knows what may now be my fate!"

My friend and I did all we could to console the poor lame hussar in the sorrow that came upon him from his past recollections and future prospects. We turned the conversation upon his campaigns, and presently his fine eyes were lighted up; and his military enthusiasm being rekindled, he went on to give us the most interesting details of the various battles in which he had been engaged, so that the time, and even the great hulking diligence itself, seemed to fly more swiftly on.

The country between Dieppe and Rouen is all cultivated, and the roads are bordered, and the fields divided by rows of apple and pear trees. Our way chiefly lay through two pretty vallies, watered by small rivers, having here and there some sweetly situated villages and hamlets, sheltered by poplars and fruit trees, which were all bending beneath their loads of fruit. The peasants were every where employed in cutting excellent crops, the sickle and scythe being indifferently employed by them in the operation. But these are scenes which have often been described, and I pass on to our safe arrival at Rouen, where, on the stopping of the diligence, we parted with some regret from our friend the lame soldier, who set off limping and stumping his way through the narrow streets.

This ancient capital of Normandy was full of interest. It flourished in the long bye-past wars betwixt the French and English, and some of its localities are therefore connected with passages in our history. In the course of my perambulations in search of the antique, I went into a small ribbon and lace shop to inquire the way to one of those squares called the *Marché aux Vaux*, rendered remarkable by being the spot where the poor Maid of Orleans was so cruelly sacrificed, in 1431, by the superstition or wicked policy of the Duke of Bedford and the English. I entered the shop, and walked up to address the lady behind the counter. There was a tall moustached man standing in the shop, of soldier-like air, and lopped of an arm, dressed in a sort of mongrel military attire. Ere I had had time to open my mouth, I heard this gentleman muttering aloud behind me, and I caught up the words—"*Bête! de ne pas ôter le chapeau aux dames!*" (Beast! not to take his hat off before the ladies!) Most of my countrymen would have taken dire offence at this—would have retorted something haughty and bitter—would have then reaped a full harvest of insolence—and would have been at last compelled, after a stormy war of words, to have beaten a retreat, filled with useless irritation, instead of with that useful information with which it was their object to possess themselves. But, on entering France, I had resolved to bend myself as much as possible to the manners of the people, and I found my advantage in it. Before speaking to the bourgeoisie, therefore, I turned round, took off my hat, made my gentleman a profound bow, and thanked him for having so kindly corrected the gross impriety into which my haste had led me. His stern features at once relaxed into the most good-humoured smile imaginable, and he made me his compliments with a respect and politeness which were altogether antipodes to his first surly remark, and when I turned again to the lady, she was all sunshine. She was a very handsome trigly-dressed brunette, with a cast of feature which I felt was somehow or other by no means strange to me. "Will you have the goodness," said I to her in French, "will you have the goodness, Mademoiselle, to tell me the way to the *Marché aux Vaux*?" "Willingly, Monsieur," replied she, in the same language. "But Monsieur is apparently a stranger." "Yes, I am an Englishman," replied I. "Ah, quel dommage! Mais, cependant, c'est surprenant. (Ah, what a pity! But, nevertheless, it is surprising.) Both from his manners and language, I believed Monsieur to be at least a Frenchman. I fear it would be impossible to make Monsieur comprehend the many turnings and windings of the way to the *Marché aux Vaux*, so that he could bear them in mind till he guided himself thither. Monsieur

Corval," addressing the military bystander, "you had better walk with the gentleman to show him the way." — I vehemently protested against giving Monsieur Corval any such trouble; but he vowed with great energy that he would be happy, and highly honoured, in acting as guide to Monsieur l'Anglais, not only to the *Marché aux Vaux*, but to all the other things that were worth seeing in the city; and, not contented with this arrangement, Mademoiselle Henriette Dupin herself—for such was the name of the bourgeoisie—threw her shawl around her, put on her bonnet, and took up a very pretty ivory-handled parasol to walk the greater part of the way with us. We found my friend in the street; and after introducing him to the lady, and enjoying her company and conversation for a considerable way, she bade us adieu, having first strictly enjoined Monsieur Corval to devote himself entirely to our service for the remainder of the evening.

The statue of *Joan d'Arc* stands on a fountain on the very spot where she was burned by our countrymen. The inscription is effaced, but the disgrace of this tragedy can never be obliterated from the English name in the page of history. Whilst my friend and I were regarding the statue with feelings of humiliation, we happened to turn round and observe that Monsieur Corval was deeply affected. "I more than sympathise with you, Monsieur Corval," said I; "deep shame for my countrymen who were guilty of the horrible atrocity, mingles with the melancholy and the pity which the recollection of it so naturally excites." "Pity!" exclaimed Monsieur Corval suddenly, "I feel no pity for her!—I wish the wretch of a maiden had been burned twenty times over for the life of misery she has caused me!" "Heavens!" exclaimed I, "Monsieur Corval, what mischief could the poor Maid of Orleans have done to you, seeing that she lived so many centuries before you?" "I speak not of herself, Monsieur," replied he; "I speak of her statue there. And if Messieurs les Anglais are curious to know the circumstances of the case, I care not if I tell them all about it, though I am unwilling to talk of such matters to the common gossips of the neighbourhood. Eh bien! Messieurs les Anglais auront la bonté de remarquer (well, Messieurs les Anglais will have the goodness to remark) that I, who am a native of this city, fell deeply in love with a certain Charlotte Dupin, sister of la petite bourgeoisie Henriette, from whom we have so lately parted. They were daughters of a certain Monsieur Dupin, who died and left them in joint possession of his effects, and the trade of his little shop. Charlotte was a fine spirited girl, and there was so strong a mutual attachment between us, that our union was familiarly talked of, and every thing was going on smoothly. Where love is ardent, jealousy is easily awakened! Some strange misconception led Charlotte to believe that I had taken a preference for her sister. One moonlight night she appointed me to meet her here in the *Marché aux Vaux*. She came at the hour agreed on, wrapped up in a cloak; and after stating her suspicions, and refusing to listen to any protestations of mine, she wished me all happiness with her sister, put into my hand a writing making over to us her share of her father's little fortune; and then pointing to that abominable statue, and telling me that she was resolved to emulate the glory of the sainted heroine whom it represents, she disappeared from my astonished eyes as if by magic, and I have never seen her since. Broken hearted, I went with the conscription, where I gained glory and lost my arm, and now I am left to mourn for her in the possession of whom I could have alone found happiness."

A flood of tears came to the relief of poor Monsieur Corval as he had finished his narrative, and we endeavoured to offer him a few words of consolation on our way to the *Boulevards*, whither he was kind enough to lead us. These form very pleasant walks, shaded by trees. The remains of the old walls have here and there circular towers arising from them, which have a fine effect. The promenade was thronged with people, who continued to walk there even after it was dark. Leaving this agreeable place of resort, we returned to thank Mademoiselle Henriette Dupin for her politeness, previous to retiring for the night.

We were ushered by a grisette into a small parlour to the left of the entrance. Mademoiselle Dupin was there to receive us, as the priestess presiding over the altar, represented by a table which speedily sent up an agreeable aroma of hot coffee of the most perfect description. The pretty little dark-eyed bourgeoisie seemed serious. Like the Pythoness of old, she was manifestly oppressed with something to which she was anxious to give utterance. "Monsieur Corval," said she, after our first salutations were over, "are you prepared to receive an old and valued friend?" "Any friend of yours, Mademoiselle," replied he, "shall be always most welcome to me." "A friend of mine certainly," replied the bourgeoisie; "but I said an old and valued friend of yours. Cannot you guess?" "Hum—ha—ha—replied Monsieur Corval, thinking, "an old friend of mine! What! a military man?" "Military, certainly," replied the bourgeoisie; "and serving with you too in most of the actions in which you have figured, though of acquaintance earlier than your time of service. Cannot you guess now?" Monsieur Corval rubbed his forehead, looked at the ceiling, and confessed his utter inability to guess. "Then must I introduce the person to you, that you may read my riddle with your own

eyes;" and so saying, the bourgeoisie arose, and quitting the room with an air and a step of some importance, she speedily returned, introducing—our friend the lame hussar!

The denouement was inconceivably dramatic. The bold bearing of our acquaintance of the morning was most wonderfully subdued. He stood with his best leg—(I mean that of flesh and blood, and it was a handsome one)—considerably in advance. But his eyes were cast downwards, and their pupils only dared to glance furtively forth at Corval from behind the dark abatis of silken fringe which defended the posts within which they were ambushed. Monsieur Corval seemed petrified for a moment, but whether it was love or instinct that worked within him, to aid him in unravelling the mystery, he suddenly exclaimed, "Charlotte, mon ame!—ma déesse!—mon amour!" (Charlotte, my soul!—my goddess!—my beloved!) and, with these words, the one-armed grenadier rushed so violently into the arms of the one-legged hussar, that the shock had very nearly upset both.

After the first paroxysm of joy was over, Monsieur Corval broke out into one of the most eloquent vituperative orations against the brave Maid of Orleans, that perhaps ever burst from the lips of the most indignant and excited orator. Had the not interfered with her malign influence, he and Charlotte might have been happy five or six years ago, and then, the arms of the one, and the legs of the other, might have been at this moment all mustered complete. In a little time, however, and after a little conversation with his beloved, Monsieur Corval began to congratulate himself on the fact, that he and his Charlotte had fought gallantly together in the same glorious actions, and that his missing arm was quietly reposing beside her absent leg, beneath the fertile sod of the field of Waterloo. After our coffee, we drank health and happiness to the pair in a glass of exquisite liqueur, and then we took our departure, overwhelmed by the kind expressions and the good wishes of the joyous party.

INSANITY—WHAT IS IT?

IN an able treatise on this subject by Mr W. A. F. Browne, medical superintendent of the Royal Lunatic Asylum of Montrose, insanity is defined to be "an inordinate, or irregular, or impaired action of the mind, of the instincts, sentiments, intellectual or perceptive powers, depending upon and produced by an organic change in the brain; the extent of the disease corresponding to the extent of the destruction or injury of the nervous structure." It is of consequence to observe the great fundamental principle laid down here, that *mental derangement originates in actual subversion of the healthy condition of the material organ of the mind—the brain*. So far is the definition of insanity clear and intelligible; and hence is derived the important principle, that the curative means should be both *physical and moral*. Seeing, however, that the brain is hidden from our sight, and the diseases affecting its structure not easily discriminated, all the minor definitions and divisions of insanity are necessarily founded on the *mental* manifestations.

The following is Mr Browne's table of the various forms in which insanity appears:—1st, Idiocy, or non-development of faculties (including under this term both the mental powers and senses), either partial or complete. 2d, Fatuity, or obliteration of faculties, either partial or complete. 3d, Monomania, or derangement of one or more faculties. Monomania is divided into two sections, the first of which is arranged into eleven heads, each indicating the predominating feeling of a species of monomania; as, for example, *pride, vanity, timidity, avarice, religion, &c.* The second section of Monomania is divided into three heads, the first of which is entitled "Incapacity of perceiving relations of ideas;" the second, "Incapacity of perceiving relations of external things;" and the third, "Incapacity of perceiving qualities of external objects." 4th, Mania, or derangement of all the faculties. The only subdivision of this is into "Mania with increased activity," and "Mania with diminished activity."

This arrangement of the various forms of insanity appears to be nearly as perfect as the subject will admit of. It enables us at once to pass over, with a brief notice, the forms of mental disorder termed idiocy and fatuity, which may be held as irrelevant to the subject of curable lunacy, and which would be apt to confuse the common reader's view of the less deplorable forms of the calamity. In some cases of idiocy, all the faculties, that is, both the mind and the senses, are undeveloped. More commonly, however, the external senses are perfect, and the mental powers only are imperfect. The unfortunate creatures called in Scotland *naturals*, present instances of this defective state, the degree in which the deficiency exists varying in almost every case. Fatuity is not so common; yet almost every person will recollect in his experience of some one reduced, by apoplexy or other causes operating to create disease in the brain and nervous system, to a state of mental imbecility. Mania frequently terminates in fatuity. The cure in cases both of idiocy and fatuity is almost hopeless, seeing that the cerebral disorganisation is generally too extensive to be remediable.

Monomania is the form in which mental disease most frequently appears. It is with monomaniacs that our lunatic asylums are filled; and it is to this

form of insanity, therefore, in all its varieties, that the chief attention of medical men and of society is directed. Happily, monomania is in general curable. Mr Browne, whose work it is that which we propose to follow throughout this article, gives clear descriptions of the eleven varieties of monomania laid down in his table. We can only notice some of his principal varieties; and first, for the monomania of *pride*. "There may be in this variety (says Mr Browne) either the exaltation of the emotion of self-conceit—the deep and impregnable notion of superiority, and indifference or contempt of all that is beneath, or that does not minister to egotism, or to the affairs of the egotist—or there may be these feelings, coupled with delusions as to the character, circumstances, rank, and claims, upon which this pride is based." The individual regards him or herself generally as some great person, a conqueror or a queen, a Socrates or a Sappho, though in general retaining all the while a consciousness of place, and possessing still the power of recognising friends. A patient under the care of Mr Browne imagined herself to be Queen Elizabeth, but retained her true sense of her identity so far as to admit herself to have been born in the parish of Benholm. The proud monomaniac is commonly sullen and retired, and takes no pains to make his bodily attire correspondent to his imagined grandeur. Wounded self-love is the frequent cause of the monomania of pride.

The monomania of *vanity* is the species which delights in dressing out the person. "Rags (says Mr Browne) are arranged in their most elegant folds—ribbons, and stars, and orders, load the breast." This is, of course, only the case where the person's previous habits have generated a predisposition to fashion and finery. The vanity of the patient may turn upon oratory, upon singing, upon any one of many different things in short, and yet the derangement fall distinctly under the same head as the passion for dress. Females are more subject to this species of lunacy than males. The weaker sex also suffer especially from the monomania of *fear*, in which self-created torments, delusive images of terror, and the dread of plots and danger, haunt the affected person's mind, and banish repose by night or by day. Akin to this is the monomania of *cunning or suspicion*, where the patient suspects every one around him of hostile intentions, and spends his whole time in devising schemes—often ingenious—to outwit his imagined enemies, and finds enjoyment only in hiding things. Escape from confinement is most to be feared from this shape of insanity.

Another important manifestation of monomania is that which assumes the *religious or superstitious* form. Most commonly this derangement may be referred to the conflict accompanying a *change of opinion* in religion. With a sincere man, the mental struggle at such a moment is great, and the reason frequently is overbalanced under it. For the most part, religious maniacs appear happy under their delusion, which often extends to vision-seeing and miracle-performing. Many of the patients, and particularly in Catholic countries, subject themselves to penances, and conceive themselves, in some instances, to be commissioned for some sublime religious purpose. A Venetian shoemaker, conceiving himself destined to be a new sacrifice for man, contrived to impale himself upon a cross, and hung for twenty-four hours before being discovered. *Avarice, a suicidal tendency, a benevolent, an imaginative, a destructive or homicidal, and an amatory* propensity, are the other varieties of monomania particularised by Mr Browne. Their names sufficiently indicate the leading characters of all these.

As to section second of Monomania, which included those three forms of mental derangement, where an incapability of perceiving "relations of ideas, relations of external things, and qualities of external objects," constituted the defect, an instance of each of these varieties will serve as an illustration of what is meant. 1. Relations of ideas. *Partial* incapability to distinguish the relations of ideas is exemplified in the well-known case of a man who imagined himself the victim of *pneumatic chemistry*, believing that some concealed tormentors distended his nerves with gas, introduced notions into his brain, &c. The impossibility of this he could not be made to comprehend. But it was only when this class of ideas was presented to him that he was unable to perceive relations. On all other subjects but his own sufferings from pneumatic chemistry, he was *rational*, to use the common phrase. Had he mixed up his chemical delusion with other subjects, and shown with regard to these the same incapacity, the case would have been one of *complete* derangement of this kind. 2. Relations of external things. "The delusions (says Mr Browne) of the superstitious maniac, conjure up objects which do not exist; the present class see real objects through a false medium." All the while, however, the eye discharges its function unerringly; it is the organ to which the impressions are conveyed that errs. A person in this condition may insist that his house has got fifty new windows, or is turned upside down. Sometimes one object only, sometimes all, are thus misapprehended. The relations of ideas may here be perceived accurately; but the perception of the relations of external objects to each other is lost. 3. Qualities of external objects. In this case, the power of perceiving the qualities of objects is more or less defective. Colour, shape, and other characters, are incorrectly discriminated. A person affected with this form of monomania loses even the power of recognising the external qualities of his own person: he sees in himself not

a man, but a tea-pot. A sturdy soldier under Mr Browne's care imagined himself a house, and Zimmerman mentions a maniac who, supposing himself a barley corn, durst not go to the door for fear of the sparrows.

We have now to notice the last of Mr Browne's divisions of lunacy, namely, Mania, which he defines as the irregular action of all the mental faculties, and which he distinguishes into two states, the one of increased, the other of diminished activity. The difference is only in degree. In mania is to be observed, "first, the want of power to direct or control the mental operations; secondly, the absence of all harmony or sequence between these operations; and, thirdly, the incessant activity with which they are carried on." The passions are involuntary; anger, sorrow, terror, and joy, follow one another in rapid succession. Recollections and present impressions are jumbled together, and the tongue pours forth an endless chain of incoherencies. The over activity of the brain has its parallel in the condition of the body; the corporeal energies of the maniac are fearfully great, and the power of enduring blows, cold, and suffering, inconceivable. In several prominent points, mania may be compared to drunkenness, as the preceding sentences show.

In concluding his description of all these divisions of insanity, Mr Browne remarks—"The subject is not yet exhausted; for these varieties of insanity are found in every possible state of combination, exhibiting new and characteristic symptoms. Proud monomania may thus be found conjoined with that of vanity; or both of these states of feeling may exist in the same mind which has been deprived of the power to judge of its own operations, or of the impressions which it receives from without. But although it would require a voluminous treatise on the philosophy of insanity to comprehend a description of these combinations, my present object is gained if the sketch here submitted has served to indicate the most striking distinctions between the different varieties, and how readily, and humanely, and profitably, a separation of the inmates of asylums, founded on such broad distinctions, could be carried into effect."

In a second article, it will be our business to follow Mr Browne into his enlightened and able exposition of the plan alluded to in the preceding sentence, and which our readers will be enabled, we hope, to comprehend from the definitions now given. The subject is one in which every human being must take an interest, and not the less so, we imagine, from the startling fact, which the statistical reports (to be afterwards noticed) on the subject point out, that insanity is increasing in frequency, and indeed advancing step for step with the general improvement and civilisation of the human race!

THE POACHER.

[The following sketch occurs in a pleasant local work entitled a "Tour of the Don, a series of Extensive Sketches made during a Pedestrian Ramble along the Banks of that River and its principal Tributaries." The sketches were originally published in the Sheffield Mercury during the year 1836, but have recently been reprinted in two neat small volumes—London, R. Groombridge.]

FREQUENTLY on passing the roadside alehouse, you see in certain districts a man leaning on the wall or gate adjoining, or if you step inside, he may be lolling on the laugstette or dozing in a chair; perhaps near him may be lying—and exhibiting much the same nothing-to-do sort of indolence as that displayed by his master—a dog, the very obvious cross of his breed, to say nothing of his temper, suggesting clearly enough that he belongs not to the race of honest hounds.

The lounging in question has probably somewhat of the terrier in his look: of wiry muscle, and limbs little encumbered with flesh. Nor is the singularity of his dress to be mistaken: if only an under-graduate in the class of nocturnal depredators, he wears a large fustian or duck jacket with enormous pockets; if he have taken the higher degrees of his profession, namely, been before the magistrate, had his gun taken from him, paid the penalty for hunting and shooting without licence, or been in prison, then, his status being no longer to be mistaken, he affects the garb of a gamekeeper, the profound executed subcoat aforesaid, a plush waistcoat, laced half-boots, and leather leggings: such is the Poacher. When there has been a slight snowfall, you will sometimes perceive this curious personage spelling out the not-to-be-mistaken footprints of "poor puss"—or he may occasionally be noticed doing the same on the soft ground. The gamekeeper and our slyboots will at times meet on the road, when they exchange salutations, something in the leer of each seeming to say, "I could a tale unfold." Sometimes of a night you may perceive in certain smensens of yonder wood—if you choose to risk your safety or your reputation in looking for them—loops of wire cunningly suspended. Hark! heard you not a footstep—saw you not a shadow? Sure, 'twas not a ghost! A movement, a slight motion of the broken there—

And the mangled hare screams, quivers, and is dead!

The character in question has commonly a range of acquaintance beyond nodding to the gamekeeper, and idling with the alehouse keeper; the coachman knows him, and exchanges with him significant nods, and, at certain seasons, ejaculates sentences not quite unintelligible to "those on the top;" indeed, a pretty bit of business is sometimes pushed between the parties; dead hares and blackcocks tell no tales as to how they came by their deaths; and if coachmen do but once get them fairly hung beside his seat, he well knows they are safe—they need no certificates now to ensure their delivery—neither judge, jury, nor informer, can touch them.

Now let us look into the Poacher's dwelling: silt, squalidity, and raggedness, may characterise its inmates;

but this is by no means always, nor commonly, the case, at least in this neighbourhood—the house is poor but clean, the wife is industrious, the children's habiliments are commendably patched; there is a monthly rose-tree in the window, and a goldfinch in the cage—but there is an expensive gun on the balk, and a something in the looks of the poor woman, and of the bigger children too, which tells you that mystery and apprehension are no strangers to their bosoms.

On one occasion, between twenty and thirty years ago, a gamekeeper was pursuing his nightly rounds in a covert not very far from the banks of the Don; he fell in with several poachers, one of whom, after no small difficulty, was captured and carried before the lord of the domain. Having been taken gun in hand, wire in pocket, and as, added to the report of his gun on the spot, he enjoyed the report of the neighbouring hamlet as a first-rate operator in his line, one who, if he could not see a hare pass quite so well in the pitch-dark as by the young moonlight, knew, even without the aid of his dark lantern, every smuse in Wharfedale or Tankersley parks, as well as he knew the door of his own house.

To have caught one poacher—and one of such notoriety too—was something; but as repression of the offence, rather than punishment of the offender, was the prime object of the owner of the pillaged domain, his first anxiety was to obtain, through the confession of the culprit before him, the names of his companions in crime. This design Fielding resolutely, but not rudely, withstood—threats, carresses, promises, all were tried, and equally in vain; he would not "peach." There was evidently bottom in the man—and seemingly something better, which, had it been cultivated under other auspices, might perhaps have turned to account; in short, it was apparent, not only that he was sensible of the unlawfulness of his career, but that the fidelity which he maintained toward his accomplices in guilt, might, if set in a right direction, admirably qualify him for a situation of trust. He was liberated. Before he had time to return to his old habits, or receive the carresses of his old companions, an authorised person put to him this question:—"Fielding, will you renounce your unlawful practices, and become a keeper: you would know well how to act in such a situation?" The man considered the proposition—reflected on the desperation and danger of his former course of life, thought upon his family, and consented to take the perilous appointment. He went to live at one of the lodges in the wood, and thenceforth took his rounds by day and by night, as a faithful conservator, in the recesses of those grounds where he had so lately played a very different part. This unexpected arrangement produced, as might be supposed, no small degree of excitement among the poachers of the neighbourhood—one being quite sure that Fielding would never touch him; another, that he never should touch him; and a third fancied he would now criminate them altogether.

One thing, at least, is certain, that the gamekeeper's integrity was never suspected by his employer: his courage and fidelity were well understood by his former companions, who, whatever might be their comments upon his conduct in having "taken office," considered it prudent, at least for some time, not to encounter him on enchanted ground. Well would it have been, had they one and all continued to keep close by such discretion!

It was a fine Sunday morning in October; the foliage of Wharfedale, glorious in its deepest autumnal tints, lay shrouded in obscurity, save in so far as the gloom yielded to the feeble light afforded by a waning moon at this very early hour. Fielding and his colleague were pursuing their usual rounds in the outskirts of a neighbouring preserve, when they espied four men proceeding toward them on the high road, and whose persons, accoutrements, and manners, left the keepers no room to doubt but that the object of the party was unlawful sport. What was to be done? The tenters would have concealed themselves, but there was no chance for doing so, as they knew they were seen: so they walked onward, until they confronted the poachers. "Well, Joe, thou hast got tly gun with thee this morning—and plenty of snickles, too, I doubt not," said Fielding familiarly to the fellow, whom he knew, stroking him at the same time with his hand over the jacket, whose bulging pockets suggested the operation. Little more occurred—the man raised his piece—the wood echoed with the report—the shot passed through the body of poor Fielding, who instantly fell upon the ground. The party then attacked the other keeper, whom they presently felled with the butt end of the gun, at a short distance from his murdered companion, belabouring him with their bludgeons. Fielding heard the words, "stick him, stick him," uttered over his fallen companion. Unable to rise, or render him any personal assistance, he managed to reach his gun, fired it at the party, one of whom fell, and the rest, not considering whence the shot came, immediately made off. Both the keepers managed to crawl home: the latter recovered of his bruises—but poor Fielding lay in his chamber a corpse the day following.

Swiftly the news of this fatal rencounter spread through the neighbourhood; many went to look at the scene of the affray, steeped, as the ground was, with blood, and battered with agonistic trampling. Anxious and self-accusing hearts were beating in the hamlet of Gnosside, which stretches along the eastern crest of yonder hill. The gang were severally apprehended, and tried at the ensuing York assizes. The evidence was clear—the details were aggravated—the culprits were found guilty of the capital offence, and received sentence of death. At the earnest solicitation of the worthy prosecutor, punishment was remitted in each case, except that of the actual murderer, who suffered the extreme penalty of the law. This tragical occurrence produced a deep sensation, not only in the neighbourhood where it occurred, but throughout the country; and, perhaps, even tended in some degree to bring about that alteration in the game laws, for which the Lord of Wharfedale long unsuccessfully contended—the legalising of the sale of game in our markets, in the same manner as any other like commodity.

Whether the change adverted to has diminished the temptation to poaching, or reduced the number of its

votaries, is not very clear: that it has reduced the quantity of game, is admitted on all hands. And certainly to us, who recollect the legal impediments which formerly existed to counteract the sale of game, and also the stories about secret but well-conducted depots, where it might at all times be bought and sold, few sights were for a time, more striking than that of hares, partridges, pheasants, and grouse, hanging side by side with ducks, rabbits, and barn-door fowls, at almost every poultry-stall in the town.

THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD'S POUND NOTE.

On the morning of the 13th of August 1832 (the 12th having occurred on a Sunday), the Ettrick Shepherd and his relative Dr Gray, then recently returned from India, were preparing to set out from Altrive, to enjoy a few days' sport at the moors, which they were enabled to do by the kindness of Mr Hope Johnstone of Annandale, the proprietor of that part of Dumfriesshire lying immediately to the south of St Mary's and the Loch of the Lowes. The little inn of Birkhill, situated not far from the waterfall of the Grey Mare's Tail, was the intended residence of Mr Hogg and his friend during their absence from home. "Noo, Doctor," was the Shepherd's exclamation before starting, "ye sall see, lad, afore forty-eight hours gang ower our heads, that the auld Shepherd's nae lame hand at bringing down the muircocks, though he mayna hae shot teegers and other sidle unchancy brutes that ye speak o' hunting in the Indies." While Mr Hogg was speaking, he was busy at the same time stuffing his game-bag with the cold meat and other provender, both solid and fluid, which his kind and attentive lady—the "mistress," as he himself would have said—had prepared for the occasion. This finished, the sportsmen were about to move, when suddenly the Shepherd cried, "But, o' keep me, I had maistly forgotten to tak some siller wi' me! The guidwife of Birkhill's bills are no laug anes, but we maun hae something." Accordingly, Mr Hogg put into his pocket a one pound note of Sir William Forbes and Company's Bank, little dreaming the while what extraordinary freaks that identical piece of paper was in the sequel to perform.

For the two or three following days, the Shepherd and his friend enjoyed very pleasant sport in the hilly wilderness around Birkhill, where they rendezvoused every night. In general, they lunched about mid-day by the side of a little bubbling spring among the hills, where they found the water necessary for the dilution of their stronger potables. At length the appointed term of their stay arrived, and they prepared to return to Altrive. One necessary step at this moment was the payment of the guidwife's bill. The Shepherd took this upon him; but, lo! when he put his hand in his pocket to take out the Sir William already mentioned, he found it to have disappeared. All the rummaging that was made was of no avail; the note was gone, and Dr Gray's purse had to be applied to ere the sportsmen could return to their home.

A year passed away, and again the Ettrick Shepherd and Dr Gray set out to the moors, on the 12th of August 1833. By the continued kindness of Mr Hope Johnstone—or as the Shepherd, in the pure Doric of Ettrick, termed him, *Whup Johnstone*—Birkhill was again the scene of their sport. On the first day of their shooting, they sat down, as formerly, by the side of the little well to lunch, and, to their great surprise, in casting their eyes accidentally around, saw the lost pound note of last year lying beneath a heather bush beside them. It was perfectly dry, and in good condition, though it must certainly, notwithstanding its partially sheltered position, have undergone frequent soakings and dryings since it was dropped. Mr Hogg imagined he must have pulled it from his pocket in drawing forth the cork-screw at some part of his former lunchings by the well. Be this as it may, the Shepherd put up his recovered Sir William with a great deal more pleasure, perhaps, than he would have done with one that came to him in the legitimate and adventureless way.

On returning to Altrive, after their shooting was over at Birkhill, it chanced that Mr Hogg required an additional supply of powder and shot, articles which could never be well wanted at his residence. In order to procure these, he gave the lately found Sir William to his family tutor, a person who, in addition to his engagement with Mr Hogg, kept a small school at the neighbouring hostel of the Gordon Arms, where the Selkirk carrier stopped or called in passing. On his way down the side of the Ettrick, with the Shepherd's order and money for the carrier in question, it chanced that the dominie, as the tutor was familiarly called, took the pound note out of his pocket to examine it, such an article being perhaps rather rare with the worthy youth. It may be, that the splendid penmanship was the point which roused his interest. However, certain it is, that the dominie gazed and gazed on the note, until he fell into a reverie, from which he was rudely awakened by a swirl of wind, that whipt the note from his unconsciously relaxed hold, and carried it out of his sight before he knew where he was. In the greatest distress, the dominie ran here and there, looking behind every bush and stone for the wind-stolen Sir William. It was not to be seen. The

dominie ran for his scholars, brought them all to the spot, and set them on the search—

From morn to noon they sought, from noon to eve,
An autumn day,
But the twice-lost and unfortunate note was nowhere to be found.

Now the Ettrick Shepherd got his powder and shot, this history saith not. But, some time after the dominie's sad misfortune, a schoolboy, who happened to be standing on the bridge that crosses the Ettrick near the Gordon Arms, beheld a salmon in the water below. He was not long in making the circumstance known, and Wat Amos, the best leisterer in the country side, is drawn with others to the spot, where he had no sooner arrived, than he declared the object in the water to be a salmon with a large wound in its side, which had been inflicted on a memorable occasion some days back. Then posing his leister for a moment in air, Wat sends it, with unerring aim, right through the object, and brings out, on the point of the prongs, not a glittering fish, but the Ettrick Shepherd's one pound note! It had been blown from the dominie's hands into the Ettrick, and had travelled down for a short distance, until caught by a stone, or entangled in some other way below the bridge.

We are not aware that any other accident, beyond the common fate of notes, befell this unlucky piece of paper. Doubtless it still forms part of the paper currency of the kingdom; and if any person has in their hands a one pound Sir William note, patched in the back in two places, and a little dimmed in the writing, that person, in all probability, is proprietor of the very note that was lost and found by the Ettrick Shepherd at the mountain spring, that flew from the dreaming dominie's hands, and that was pierced by the leister prongs of the renowned salmon-transferrer, Wat Amos. Had many others can testify to the truth of the adventures of this new Chrysal, if a piece of paper may be called by the name of that celebrated Guinea. Alas! he whose name is the most prominent in this story, cannot now bear testimony to any earthly thing. Peace and honour to the manes of the Ettrick Shepherd!

A FEW MORE DAYS IN IRELAND.

THIRD ARTICLE.

The former article left us, on the afternoon of Tuesday, August 22, approaching Galway in one of Signor Bianconi's mail cars. The ground over which we passed for several miles before reaching that town, was of very remarkable appearance. It consisted of low swelling grounds, with considerable eminences in the distance; but the extraordinary feature of the scene was, that probably a third of the whole surface was covered with rock and large detached stones. Inclosures formed of these stones also intersected the country closely in all directions, so that, taking a view from the road, nothing but grey stone any where met the eye. The stone was a species of limestone, extremely liable to be worn by the weather, and many pieces of it were accordingly fashioned by nature into the most fantastic forms. In Scotland, or any country similarly situated, such a district would have been a mere wilderness. How great, then, was our surprise to find that it bore, in every place free of a stony covering, either a rich bright green herbage, or luxuriant crops of wheat, barley, and oats. The phenomenon is explained when we learn that the frequent rains pumped over from the Atlantic upon this western region, and the warmth of the limestone bottom on which the soil rests, combine to occasion an extraordinary fertility where one would expect to see the utmost barrenness. Cottages were scattered around in the proportion of nearly one to every little field, showing that the place supported an abundant population. The plough and harrow must be impracticable implements in the agriculture of this district: the whole must be cultivated by the spade. I saw reaping universal here, though, four days before, the plains of Leithian appeared to me a fortnight from general harvest. It was curious to see men and women reaping amidst the stones, which hid half their number, and to observe that the wheat which they were cutting on this unpromising soil, was of a strength, magnitude, and density, superior to any I had ever seen in Berkshire or Norfolk. There is a remarkable appropriateness in the frequent rains of Connaught to the richness of the soil: this soil, in a drier land, would be totally useless; while, on the other hand, it is asserted by Arthur Young, that an equal degree of raininess in England would throw its rich loam out of cultivation. As a natural consequence of this fine adaptation, the wheaten bread of Western Ireland is of excellent quality, much better than that which is presented in table in otherwise more favoured lands.

The town of Galway, the principal seat of population in Connaught, is situated at the bottom of Galway Bay, surrounded on almost all sides by a tame country rising

towards the distant hills. It contains between thirty and forty thousand inhabitants, nearly the whole of whom are Catholics. It is one of those ports of the west and south of Ireland, which wear a face of trade, and are thought to indicate a rise of commercial prosperity, in consequence of their serving as places of embarkation for the agricultural wealth exported to pay rent. There are also several hundreds of fishermen, but who only supply fish to the town and district. I had heard that, in consequence of a Spanish colony having settled in it in the fifteenth century, and a long-continued intercourse with the Peninsula, Galway exhibited many traces of the architecture of that country. But I was not prepared to find it, both in architecture and in many external traits of the population, so nearly resembling a Spanish town. The streets, which are of goodly width, contain many massive old houses of stone, some of them bearing date from the sixteenth or early in the seventeenth century, distinguished by arched entries or sculptured doorways, and having courtyards within, which, as Mr Inglis remarks, only want fountains and flower-vases to emulate Seville. On the fronts of these houses, there are numerous figures, many of them of a mythological character, suggesting the eastern source from which the original Spanish residents probably derived them. One or two have projecting eaves, like the houses of the better Spanish towns. Possessing such private buildings in the sixteenth century, Galway must have then been a place of extraordinary consequence in Ireland. In the meaner part of the town, near the harbour, there is a small ruinous and squalid square, called the Spanish Parade, which is said to have served as an *Exchange* in the better days of the town. Near this, in the midst of alleys of inexpressible filth and meanness, I saw the ruins of a theatre, apparently contemporaneous with the better class of old houses. Mr Inglis, who had travelled in Spain, speaks strongly of the Spanish aspect of Galway. Besides the grotesque architecture, he says, carrying the imagination to the Moorish cities of Granada and Valencia, he found "in one or two doors, the little sliding wicket for observation, reminding one of the secrecy, mystery, and caution, observed where gallantry and superstition divide life between them."

In Galway the streets are in general as carelessly cleaned, and the shops fitted up in as old-fashioned a manner and kept in as untidy a state, as in other Irish towns of the south and west. Considering the multitude of handsome houses, old and new, one is surprised at the paucity of well-dressed people on the streets. These are filled with multitudes of working people, in and out of employment, country people, and women and children. A great part of the life of a great part of the population must be spent in the open air; and in this we thought we could perceive another trait of foreign manners. There are many stalls for the sale of female attire and trinkets on the streets, and the market-place opposite our hotel was constantly crowded with people. But though there is thus much bustle, I suspect there is little business. The pursuits of many of the people are trifling, and the stock of the market-folk small. I saw many women exhibiting baskets of potatoes which they had brought for sale from the country, and which could not hold above a peck. One such female told me she had come from a distance of two miles. They carry them, as the fishwomen of Newhaven carry their more valuable loads, on their back.

The most of the men of the working order in Galway go bare-legged, and with very miserable clothes upon the rest of their persons. Bare feet and legs also prevail amongst the female population; but, from other circumstances, the women are an interesting race. In common with all the humbler females of Connaught, they wear red petticoats—many of them red bodices—with blue cloaks hanging, not from their shoulders, but from their heads. At a little distance one might mistake the women in the market-place for a regiment of soldiers. Clothes of such remarkable colours and disposition, arranged upon figures generally tall and graceful, present a handsome and striking appearance, though often ragged, and even dirty, and in scarcely any case accompanied by shoes and stockings. I saw many girls walking in this attire, balancing pails and baskets on their heads, whose figures might have graced the coronation procession of a youthful queen. We could not resist the belief that we saw, in many of these humble females, traces of the dark and voluptuous beauty of ancient Cordova. There was one maiden, in particular, whom we saw in attendance upon a funeral, whose form and face displayed an almost ideal degree of loveliness. She walked among the last of the melancholy train, and seemed to keep aloof from the throng of common figures. Her complexion was olive, the face oval and delicate of feature, the eyes of deepest and most expressive black. We saw her, however, not long; for, abashed apparently by our notice, she withdrew from the crowd, and we never could get our eyes upon her again. On another occasion, while waiting in front of the post-office till the letters should be ready for delivery, we saw a man of equally remarkable aspect engaged in a passionate controversy with a couple of policemen who were lounging in front of the opposite constabulary. With the dress and apron of a shoemaker, and a simple blue cloth bonnet on his head,

he had a form and countenance such as might have been expected to grace a leader of Andalusian banditti. In the course of his fervid expostulation with the policemen, he threw his tall muscular and handsome figure into attitudes which a Masaniello might have copied with effect in the forum of Naples. His dark eyes at the same time flashed with scorn and indignation, excited, as we afterwards learned, by the soldiers having received into their charge a child of his, which his wife had taken away from him, from a fear that in his drunken violence he would inflict upon it some serious injury. While, in these lineaments of the population of the south of Europe, there was much to interest the imagination, we found reason to believe that the mixture of blood has conferred no benefit on the Celtic population of Galway.

We employed the second day of our residence in Galway, in visiting various public places. The county jail enjoys some reputation as the first that was constructed upon an improved principle in Ireland. We found a hundred and sixty culprits of both sexes confined in it, chiefly for offences of violence. They are classed in small detachments, each of which occupies a certain part of one large semicircular building, to which an angular piece of courtyard is attached, in which the culprits were at liberty to walk or sit at work. Some of the poor fellows were sitting within doors reading or learning to read. Others were breaking stones in the courtyards. All of these men, at our entry, rose up and took off their hats. Their whole demeanour was mild and quiet, and I could scarcely suppose them capable of offences of a deep dye. In fact, they are a people marked by much of the simplicity of the rustic character, and, as the jailor assured us, are *easily managed* in their present situation. Their crimes had almost in every case been committed in a state of intoxication, or when their resentment was roused by some circumstance of a political nature, or by circumstances connected with the letting of land. And this description holds true respecting the generality of the criminal inmates of Irish jails. Even those greater criminals whom we found on the tread-mill were in general only guilty of some trifling collision with the authorities of the country—some of those acts of resistance which may rather be considered as a part of the standing rebellion which for centuries has existed in Ireland, than as offences involving the malignity or selfishness implied by the word crime. It is probably a consequence of the unfriendliness between Ireland and the law, that the inmates of Irish jails to a man speak of themselves as innocent, and as the victims of oppression. No Irishman appears to believe it possible that he really can be guilty. A horse-stealer whom we found in Galway jail, when asked for what he had been immured here, answered with the greatest coolness, "A man said I took his horse, but it was all a lie, your honour." A much more atrocious criminal, named Macdonough, whom we found in the condemned cell, also showed this strange idiosyncrasy in a very striking manner. This man, a professed beggar, had robbed a poor woman in a cottage, and then, with the aid of vitriol, burnt her to death; we found him to be a savage-looking being, with a flat broad head, marking the lowest description of human character. Yet this man avowed himself, to us, as innocent as the child unborn.

The jail of Galway is in every part as clean as an Englishwoman's kitchen, and no greater compliment could be paid to it. From an undue desire, however, to have every thing in a military degree of neatness, the clothes of the beds are coiled up by day, and bound as hard as a soldier's knapsack; it would be much more conducive to all good ends if they were hung loosely over screens. The inmates who work receive a third of their earnings. The invariable food is bread and milk; a practice greatly reprehensible, as there is as much virtue in the variety of food as in the salutariness of any particular viand. This fault, however, is about to be remedied by the erection of a kitchen.

We next visited the Presentation Convent, which is a handsome modern building in the outskirts of the town, surrounded by a garden. A middle-aged nun, of lady-like aspect and address, left the vicar-general, with whom she was walking in front of the house, and offered to conduct us over the establishment. She first led us to the chapel, which we found to be nothing extraordinary, and then introduced us to the school, in which she and her companions teach, as she informed us, nearly five hundred female children. As our visit took place during the vacation, we had not the pleasure of seeing this school in operation. The halls were spacious, and seemed well adapted for the purpose. Connected with them was a room in which breakfast is given every day to about a hundred and fifty of the more necessitous children. The school, after existing many years without external aid of a permanent or regular kind, has of late received an annual allowance from the National Board of Education, whose rules the nuns accordingly adopt, as far as the separation of religious doctrinal instruction from secular education is concerned. Though a concession is thus apparently made to Protestant prepossessions, no children of that denomination attend; and, indeed, when we consider the profession of the fair teachers, this result is not calculated to give much surprise. It appears altogether an eccentricity in the system of the National Board to grant endowments to schools in nunneries, where a convention of sects seems so impossible; but it is not unlikely that the Board regards this disadvantage as counterbalanced

in some measure by the efficiency to be expected from a seminary where the teachers are numerous, zealous, and content to act without reward, and which must be entirely satisfactory to at least Catholic parents, who, as the poorer part of the community, obviously stand in greater need than the Protestants of the means of a gratuitous education. The Presentation Convent of Galway contains twenty-one inmates. It has existed twenty-two years, during all which time only one member of the community has died. They have now taught in some instances the second generation, and are in the prospect of soon having a third under their charge. Behind the house, there is a beautiful garden, in which several of the ladies were walking. On one side of it, the river Chorrish rushes smoothly along, an apt emblem of the monotonous life of these pious gentlewomen.

As the religious system of Ireland is one of the things in which it most conspicuously differs from our own country, and which may therefore be said to help most materially to give it the aspect of a foreign land, I was anxious to see as much of it as I could. In the course of this day, seeing a large old half-ruined building, with an archway leading through it to a dismantled courtyard behind, and many features of grotesque ornament on its front, I inquired what it was, and finding it to be a nunnery (of which there are no fewer than seven in Galway), I made application for admittance. A servant girl readily led me up a creaking wooden stair to the chapel, a long plain whitened room, with the usual furniture; but as the ladies were "at choir," I was not now at liberty to see any of the rest of the house. While I was surveying their chief or public place of devotion, an aged and very deaf nun came tottering up in a querulous manner, and seemed to chide the girl for admitting a stranger at such an hour. I accordingly took my departure. Two days after, I returned at an earlier hour, and saw some of the other apartments of the house, particularly a refectory, in which there was a magnificent black marble chimney-piece, of most august proportions and elegant old architecture, speaking for the original dignity of the mansion. The number of inmates in this antique dwelling was only five, of whom one was absent from bad health. I also visited a monastery, of which there are three in the town. A neatly dressed man, whom I met at the door, and who proved to be one of the monks, led me into the house, which was large and commodious, but very untidily kept and poorly furnished. The monks are of the order of Franciscans or Grey Friars. Each of eight inmates has a parlour and bedroom to himself: in the apartment to which I was introduced, I saw a neat library. The monks of this, as of other similar establishments in Galway, employ themselves, besides the time they spend in private study, in the ordinary offices of the Catholic religion, performing divine service in public, visiting the sick, and administering the sacraments. Connected with the establishment which I inspected, there is a large new chapel, not yet quite finished, which occupies the site of one destroyed by Cromwell. The only relic of the former building is a basin for holy water, which has been built into the wall within. The new building has already cost nearly three thousand pounds; a surprising proof of the disposition of the poor people of Ireland to contribute of their substance towards the support of religion. There are, in all, nine Catholic places of worship in Galway.

It is distressing, in the west of Ireland, to find such slender traces of a turn for reading among the people. In the county of Galway, and seven neighbouring counties, there is not one shop devoted exclusively to the sale of literary wares—in short, not one bookseller's shop. Books and stationery are sold on a slender scale in three shops in the town of Galway. In two of them, which I entered, I found only a few school-books and books of Catholic devotion exposed for sale. The wife of one of the dealers informed me that her husband had succeeded her brother fifteen years before, purchasing his stock of books, and that many of these still remained on hand. But how can it well be otherwise? The Saxon or English population of Galway is very small, and probably not much enlightened; while, of the great bulk of the people, more than a moiety do not even speak the English language, much less possess the power or disposition to read it.

In the same forlorn street in which I had seen the ancient nunnery, there is a house bearing, over the doorway, a stone, on which are sculptured a death's head and cross-bones, the date 1624, and the words, "Remember Death—Vaniti of vaniti, all is but vaniti." It is said that this house was rebuilt, in the year quoted, on the site of one in which a mayor of the name of Lynch had lived at the close of the fifteenth century. A highly romantic story is told in Hardiman's History of Galway respecting this mayor. In 1493, a young Spaniard named Gomez, who lived under his protection, was slain in a fit of jealousy by his son, Walter Lynch, and thrown into the sea. The body was cast ashore, and the youth, overpowered by a sensation of remorse, confessed his crime. The mayor had then the painful duty of condemning his only son to endure the extreme penalty of the law. The feelings of the people rose in horror against the unnatural conduct of the father, as it was considered; and the youth would have been rescued at the gallows, if the inflexible mayor had not anticipated them by turning off the wretched youth with his own hand. Their rage was then changed for admiration; but the father who could thus vindicate the great principles

of justice, was also capable of bewailing the stern necessity, and it is said that he immured himself, during the brief remainder of his life, in this house, to mourn over the sad tragedy which had deprived him of a son and of all temporal comfort.*

GENTIL CARISENDI,

A TALE.

[Slightly altered from the *Dramma* of Bocca-caccio.]

ONCE upon a time there lived in the city of Bologna a young knight of great consequence and worth, called Gentil Carisendi, who, though many excellent ladies of noble family would have listened with pleasure to his addresses, had the misfortune to fix his affections unwittingly upon one who could not return his love, being already betrothed in private to a worthy gentleman, by name Niccolò Cacciano. On learning the true state of matters, and afterwards beholding the lady of his heart united to her affianced lover, Carisendi went, in a kind of despair, to Modena. While he staid here, brooding over his disappointed hopes, a sad mischance befell her who was the innocent cause of all his griefs. Niccolò Cacciano being absent from Bologna, and his lady, who was about to present him with an heir, being resident, for the benefit of her health, at a pleasant country seat belonging to her husband, it chanced that she was seized with an hysterical fit, so severe and of so long continuance, as quite to extinguish all signs of life. Being declared by her physician to be dead, this amiable lady was soon after interred in a vault belonging to a neighbouring church.

This sad event was ere long signified by a friend to Signor Gentil Carisendi, who, though he had never received the slightest mark of favour from her, grieved extremely, saying at last to himself, "Behold, my dear Catalina, thou art dead; it was never my fortune to receive one kind smile from thee living; now, however, that thou, alas! can'st not prevent it, I will indulge my sorrowing heart with one long look at thy face, and one touch of thy cold lips!" So, giving orders that his departure should be kept secret, towards evening he mounted his horse, and, accompanied by only one faithful servant, rode directly to the church which had been the scene of the recent funeral rites. Without difficulty he made his way into the vault where the lady lay, and saw her appalled in the trappings of the tomb. Uncovering her face with gentle and reverent hands, he gazed on it for some time with many tears, and then bent down to touch her cheek with his. To his great amazement, he felt not the icy chill of death, and on placing his hand on her neck, he was convinced that the pulse of life still beat, though with a feeble and almost imperceptible motion. Astonished and overjoyed at this unlooked-for event, he raised the lady, by the help of the servant, as gently as possible from the vault, and, placing her before him on his horse, conveyed her privately, under cover of the thickening shades of night, to Bologna.

In Carisendi's house here, lived his mother, a worthy, good lady, who, after receiving the whole account from him, by warm baths and other means soon brought Catalina to herself; when, after fetching a deep sigh, she said in a soft tone, "Alas! where am I?" "Make yourself easy," her kind old nurse replied, "you are in a friendly place." Looking then all round, and seeing before her Signor Gentil, of whose former love she was not unaware, the resuscitated lady's astonishment was great, and she desired his mother to inform her by what means she had been brought hither. Taking it upon himself to speak, Carisendi related every thing to her; which when she had heard, she was deeply moved, and, as Signor Gentil's story of very necessity revealed the warmth of his affection, this virtuous wife, after giving due thanks, besought of him not to sully the generosity of his conduct or the purity of his love, by aiming at aught contrary to the honour of her husband and herself, but to suffer her, as soon as she was able, to return to her own home. "Madam," the noble youth replied, "whatever my love has been heretofore, I promise both now and hereafter, seeing I have been so fortunate as to restore you to life, to regard you ever in the light of a dear sister; but, in return for the service which I have been the happy instrument of rendering, I request you to grant me one favour." "Sir," said the lady, "you may command any thing from me, consistent with modesty." He made answer, "Dear madam, your relations and all the people of Bologna are assured of your death, and I only ask you to stay here with my mother, and permit them to remain in that belief until I shall return from Modena, which will be very soon. My reason for this request is, that I would then, in the presence of the principal inhabitants here, make a solemn and public restitution of you to your husband." Sensibly alive to all she owed to the knight, and feeling that his demand contained in it nothing dishonourable, the lady consented, and gave her word to abide by his proposal, notwithstanding that she longed extremely to console her beloved husband, and to gratify her relations with the news of her being alive.

Before Carisendi left Bologna, an event occurred, which added greatly to the joy he felt in having rescued the wife of Cacciano from the tomb. She gave birth to a beautiful child, living and healthy. Signor Gentil ordered that the lady should have the same

* This tale is related at greater length in No. 24 of the Journal.

care taken of her, as if she had been his own wife, and then returned privately to Modena, to fulfil the duties of an office which he held there. His appointed term of service, however, soon expired, and he prepared to return to Bologna. On the morning on which he was to come home, a great entertainment, by his orders, was got ready by his mother, and to this Niccolò Cacciano, with many of the principal citizens of Bologna, were invited. On reaching his mansion, Carisendi's first inquiry was for the lady and her child. Finding that they were well, Carisendi entered the apartment where the company were waiting for him, and paid his respects to them with a great deal of courtesy, giving them many thanks for their presence. Dinner was then served up in the most magnificent manner possible; and towards the end, having concerted every thing beforehand with the lady, Signor Gentil addressed his guests in the following words:—"Gentlemen, I remember to have heard of a pretty custom in Persia, that, when any one has a mind to show the highest respect in his power to any of his friends, he invites them to his house, and presents to them whatever is most dear to them, be it what it may, wife, daughter, or son, declaring thereby that he would, if he were able, lay his very heart before them. This custom I mean to introduce at Bologna. You do me honour with your company at this feast, and I will return it, as far as I can, by showing to you that which is most dear to me of all I have now in the world, or ever shall have. But I must first beg your solution of a difficulty which I am going to state to you. A certain person had a very honest and trusty servant, who was taken extremely ill, and who, in that condition, was sent out by his master into the streets; when a stranger, out of mere compassion, took the invalid into his house, and with a great deal of trouble and expense had him restored to his former health. Now, I am desirous of knowing whether the first master has any right to complain of the second for keeping the recovered servant in his employment, and refusing to give him up?"

This speech of Signor Gentil occasioned a great deal of argument. Nevertheless, all the company ultimately adopted one opinion, which they deputed Niccolò Cacciano, who was an elegant speaker, to report and defend. Glad to wean his mind for a little while from the griefs which had of late beset him, Niccolò consented to take the office. He, therefore, after commending the Persian custom referred to by Carisendi, ran eloquently over the arguments on both sides of the question, and concluded by declaring the company to be all persuaded "that the first master, after he had not only abandoned the servant, but had cast him out as it were, had no further right to him, and that, on account of the kindness done to him, the servant justly belonged to the second, who offered to violence or injury to the first in detaining him." The rest of the company, being all wise and worthy persons, admitted that Cacciano had represented their sentiments clearly and justly.

Well pleased inwardly with the answer, and more particularly because it had been received from Niccolò Cacciano, the worthy knight, Signor Gentil, expressed his concurrence in the opinion just given, adding, "It is now time for me to honour you according to promise." So he sent two servants to the lady, who he had taken care to have magnificently dressed, desiring her to favour his guests with her company. Accordingly, she came into the hall with her little son in her arms, and, after she had seated herself, Carisendi said, "Behold, this is what I value beyond every thing else; see if you think I am in the right." The gentlemen present all praised her extremely, pronouncing her well deserving of the high place she held in their host's esteem. After looking more closely at her, many were struck with her likeness to the dead Catalina, and, but for fear of ridicule, would have addressed her by that name. But no one was so much as Niccolò Cacciano, who, after gazing long on her with fixed eye and beating heart, became unable to contain himself further, and, drawing Signor Gentil aside, demanded of him flatteringly, "whether the lady was a citizen or a stranger?" Hearing her dear husband's trembling voice, the lady could scarcely refrain from betraying herself, and, rushing into his arms, yet in regard to her promise, she held her peace and stirred not. Anon, one of the guests inquired of her, whether the child she carried was her own, and another asked, whether she was wife or any relation to Signor Gentil. Still she made no reply to any. One of the company then said to the knight, "Sir, this is really a lovely creature, but she appears to be dumb. Is she actually so?" "Gentlemen," replied Carisendi, "her silence is no small argument of her virtue." "Tell us, then," quoth the other, "what she is." "That I will, cheerfully," said the knight, "if you will promise in the meantime that none of you stir from your places, till I have made an end." Niccolò Cacciano, eager to have his torturing suspense ended, was the first to give his assent to this condition, as likewise did all the rest. This being settled, and the tables all removed, Signor Gentil went and sat down by the lady, saying, "Gentlemen, this is a good and faithful servant respecting whom I proposed the question—who, being set at naught by her former master and thrown into the street, as it were, for a thing no account, was by me with great care taken up, deemed from death, and, from so lamentable an obliquity as she once was, brought to what you now see. For your more perfect understanding of what has hap-

...I will detail the whole story in few words." He began from his being first enamoured, and went over every circumstance particularly that had fallen out, to the great amazement of his hearers—adding at last, "So, if you adhere to your lately expressed opinions, and particularly Cacciano, the lady is mine, and no one has any right to demand her from me." All present wept during Carisendi's relation, not excepting Niccolo and Catalina, who sat gazing at each other with anxious and tearful eyes. Pitying the feelings of the husband, who did not know how far the claim preferred might be serious or otherwise, the noble and generous knight, taking the child in his arms and the lady by the hand, went towards Cacciano, and exclaimed, "Rise, my friend; behold, I do not give you your wife, who was too rashly by you and your friends thrown away, but I bestow this lady upon you, as a dear friend of mine, along with her little son, who is yours, and whom I have called by my own name; and I entreat you not to have the worse opinion of her for having been three months in my house; for I call heaven to witness, that, though my love was the cause of her being preserved, she has lived in the same honour in my house, along with my mother, as she could have done with her own parent." Then, turning to the lady, he said, "Madam, I now acquit you of your promise, and give you freely up to your husband." With this he gave the lady her child, and placed them both in the husband's arms. Niccolo received them with the greater joy, as it was the more unexpected. He loaded them with the fondest caresses, which the loving lady, on her part, returned with equal affection. To the knight, at the same time, Cacciano poured forth broken but ardent expressions of gratitude, whilst the company, who could not behold the scene without weeping, joined in strong commendations of Carisendi's honourable conduct. At the close of the evening, the lady was brought to her own house with the greatest demonstration of joy, and the people all beheld her with the same wonder as if she had been raised from the dead.

Ever afterwards, the knight Gentil Carisendi lived in the greatest esteem and intimacy with Niccolo Cacciano and his lady, as well as all their relations and friends. Every where, indeed, where it was heard of, was the generous deportment of this noble youth admired, and his name was held in honour for that act, not only through life, but also beyond the grave.

LAST EMBASSY TO CHINA.

The British trade with China, it is generally known, has long been carried on exclusively in the river and port of Canton, being confined to that locality by the justifiable jealousy of the Chinese, who saw and dreaded the fate that befell their Indian neighbours, from the unlimited admission into Hindostan of the wily strangers from the west. Owing to this policy, the interior of the country has only been seen on rare occasions by Europeans. The latest opportunity of this kind arose from the mission of Lord Amherst in 1816, which originated in an interruption experienced by the British trade in Canton. In certain respects, this embassy terminated unfavourably, but it was the means of furnishing the most recent information we possess respecting a people and a country that have always been the objects of great interest and curiosity. The ambassador, Lord Amherst, reached Canton in the beginning of 1816, where his suite was to be joined by Sir George Staunton, who had accompanied a previous mission, under Lord Macartney, in 1792. Mr Ellis also joined Lord Amherst in the capacity of secretary, and two other individuals, connected with the Canton trade, were united in the commission with the British plenipotentiary. This last arrangement proved to be ill judged, seeing that merchants are a class low in estimation in China. Rumours unfavourable to the mission, and having their origin in this appointment, were spread at Canton; though, before leaving that city, friendly communications and assurances of welcome were received from Peking. The ambassador and his suite set sail in the ships *Alceste* and *Lyra* towards the north, and, in the end of July, entered the Yellow Sea, and landed at the mouth of the Peiho, the river which passes Peking. Here two mandarins, Chang and Yin, and an imperial legate, Quang, came on board the barges which were to convey the party up the river, after leaving the ships. The persons named met the ambassador, and received him with great civility. But at the very first interview, they adverted to the ceremonial to be performed on approaching the emperor's person, and which ultimately caused the failure of the mission. This ceremonial was called the *ko-tou*, and consisted in nine prostrations before the mighty monarch. Lord Amherst himself, it may be observed once for all, was of opinion that this ritual ought to be acceded to, but Sir George Staunton, and the other Canton residents, ultimately declared that the concession would be most injurious to the British interests and respectability in China. On the 13th of August, the ambassador and his attendants were invited, by the emperor's orders, to a banquet at Sien-Sing, a town which they had reached in their course up the Peiho river. On entering the banquet-hall, the first object that met his lordship's eyes was a table placed before a screen, with yellow silk hanging before it; a number of mandarins were in attendance, all dressed in their robes of ceremony. The first great dispute about the unfortunate *ko-tou* now began. The ambassador was

informed that the entertainment was given by the emperor, and that the same ceremonies would therefore be required from all parties as if they were in the imperial presence. Lord Amherst replied, that he was prepared to approach his imperial majesty with the same demonstrations of respect as his own sovereign. From this resolve, neither lies, flattery, nor threats, all of which were liberally used in turn, could move him, and the affair ended for the time by the English bowing nine times to the screen, while the Chinese knocked their heads as many times in unison on the floor. The banquet then went on peaceably, and was followed by a play. Besides the nine reverences mentioned, the ambassador, in answer to their inquiries, told them he was willing to kneel once before the emperor, as to his own king.

On the 16th, however, after the party had proceeded a little farther up the river in their barges, an edict arrived from the emperor, insisting positively that the *ko-tou* should be performed, otherwise the mission could not be received. Lord Amherst yielded so far as to offer to perform what was required, provided some Chinese of rank did the same before the portrait of the Prince Regent, or even if the Chinese court would only undertake that similar ceremonies would be enjoined upon any ambassador who might in future be sent by them to Britain. These concessions were so far from being satisfactory, that the mandarins declared they durst not so much as mention them to their sovereign. All was nearly ended at this point, when a further message came from the emperor, desiring the embassy to proceed to Tong-choo. On the 21st, this place was reached, and here a man of high rank, named Ho, met them to discuss and finally settle all preliminaries. From Ho and his companions, the embassy received the rudest treatment. Ho endeavoured to bully the ambassador, told him the *ko-tou* must be performed, and desired him to begin and show that he could do it rightly. Lord Amherst calmly expressed a hope that the emperor would receive him on the same terms as Lord Macartney had been received by the late sovereign, and after much fruitless talk, handed to Ho a letter expressing these sentiments to his imperial majesty.

Instead of revealing what had passed, Ho, as it afterwards appeared, went and told the emperor that "the English *tribute-bearer* was daily practising the *ko-tou*, and manifesting the highest possible respect and veneration." This deceiving fellow, Ho, caused much of the mischief that followed. The embassy, with their presents, were now hurried forward, and on the evening of the 28th they reached Peking, where they had a foretaste of what was at hand, in being paraded round the walls nearly all night. At day-break they reached a quarter called Hai-tien, where the ambassador, his son, the two commissioners, and a few other gentlemen, were separated from their friends and hurried on to the palace of Yuen-min-yuen. Here a most extraordinary scene took place. They were ushered into a small apartment, crowded with mandarins and nobles of various ranks, as distinguished by peacock tails, and buttons of ruby, coral, crystal, ivory, and gold. Several princes of the blood were also in attendance, noted by clear ruby buttons and round flowered badges, while the silence of all denoted the near presence of the sovereign. Scarcely had Lord Amherst taken his seat in this huddled place, when a message came from Ho, announcing the emperor's desire to see the party immediately. Much surprise was naturally expressed; the previous arrangement of the audience for the eighth of the Chinese month was adverted to, and the utter impossibility of his excellency appearing without his credentials, and in such a state of fatigue and inattention as he was then in, was strongly urged. It was with difficulty that this message, and several others of the like nature, could be got conveyed to Ho, who at last came himself, and used all but personal violence to induce Lord Amherst to go directly to the emperor. His lordship firmly persisted in his refusal, alleging, as his reason, both exhaustion and illness. Ho, who seems to have arranged all this in the hope of surprising and hurrying the ambassador into the performance of any ceremony, was obliged to depart unsatisfied, to learn the emperor's commands. Meanwhile the apartment was more like a wild-beast show than any thing else, the Chinese being extremely rude in their personal examinations of the party. At length a message was brought, dispensing with the ambassador's attendance for the time, and announcing that the royal physician would be sent to his lordship. The ambassador then proceeded to his carriage, which he would scarcely have reached for the crowd, had not Ho seized a large whip, and laid about him indiscriminately among the mandarins and princes, without the slightest regard to buttons or peacock tails. The whip (says Mr Ellis) could not have been in better hands.

According to the emperor's promise, the court physician visited Lord Amherst, immediately after the latter had joined his friends at Hai-tien, but this proved a fatal kindness to the embassy. Being skillful enough to see that his lordship was in perfect health, the physician reported this observation to his sovereign. The latter immediately broke into a rage not unnatural, under the circumstances, to one accustomed to be treated more like a divinity than a human being, and he sent peremptory orders for the embassy to depart instantly for Canton. At four o'clock, on the same day, the party set out on their route down the Peiho.

The emperor's ire extended to all who had participated in the deception practised on him in the matter of the illness. As to Ho, who appears to have acted with duplicity both to Lord Amherst and his own sovereign, he was punished by the loss of his title, his appointments, and his *yellow riding-jacket*. It is impossible to be sorry for him, but the poor mandarins Chang and Yin, the only persons who were uniformly civil to the mission, did not escape either; though they were allowed to conduct the party down the Peiho. The British were likewise accompanied by Quang, the legate, who also felt the royal displeasure. Quang let the British a little into the manner of life of the emperor. "The son of heaven (said he) is the victim of ceremony." He is not allowed to lean back in public, to smoke, to change his dress, or in fact to indulge in the least relaxation from the mere business of representation. It would seem that the chain of etiquette hangs as heavy on his neck as on others; it is only in the solitude of his inner apartments that he can throw aside the cumbersome observance of dignity.

It may here be observed, that, though many reflections were thrown out on the head of the embassy for his non-compliance, both as to the *ko-tou* and the visit, with the imperial will, his lordship only followed the advice of Sir George Staunton and others most conversant with the British interests in China. Moreover, certain fears, subsequently expressed by the Chinese government lest Britain should resent what had passed, corroborate the opinion that a high tone is really what ought to be adopted in any communications with this "celestial" court. The British interests, it seems probable, were by no means injured by the failure of the main purpose of the embassy.

We may now notice the various observations made on the Chinese people and country by persons attached to the mission. At the city of Tong-choo, where the ambassador met Ho, the party were allowed to visit the suburbs, which consisted of long dirty streets, lined with paltry shops and houses of entertainment. This town may serve as a sample of all that the party saw. Furs of every kind, from the ermine to the mouse, constituted the chief articles for sale in Tong-choo. These furs were all wrought into winter dresses, some of which were lined with silk, and were very beautiful. All of them, however, had a filthy odour. These furs are, for the most part, brought by caravans from Siberia, but they are also imported from North America, and from the Tonguese. Druggists' shops, filled with prepared herbs, were in great abundance. The inns are large open sheds, in which tea, and a species of wine and also of whisky, both prepared from rice, are the principal articles of entertainment. Smoking with bamboos, and card-playing, are favourite amusements in these places. Though beggars were numerous on the banks of the Peiho, there appeared to be a wide diffusion of the substantial comforts of life. The majority of the people were decently clad, and their appearance bespoke them to be well fed; but cleanliness was almost universally absent, filth and stench pervading all ranks. The food of the very wealthy is extremely luxurious, and consists chiefly of venison, shark-fins, and bird-nests of a peculiar kind, bought at enormous prices. Pork and rice form the common food of the middling classes, while the poor are glad to get cats, dogs, or rats, for their meals. The flesh of these animals is sold openly, indeed, in the markets, and is not held by any class in such abhorrence as with us. Putrid fish is also a frequent article of diet among the poor.

The country, from its appearance, and its almost uniform division into millet or rice fields and willow groves, has been termed by Mr Ellis "one great ring-fence." In the interior of the country, the people seemed to be taller, better formed, healthier, and more comfortable, than those in the towns. Generally speaking, the Chinese presented a remarkable degree of order, quiet, and good humour, in their deportment. Punishments, nevertheless, were frequent, and consisted commonly of a severe application of the bamboo to the naked bodies of the offenders. The religion of China consists chiefly of a code of morals laid down by their early philosopher Confucius; Fo and Budh, at the same time, are nominal deities of the Chinese. These remarks refer to the whole of the country that fell under the eye of the mission. In passing homewards, they chanced also to get a glimpse of the city of Nankin. "I was much pleased (says Mr Ellis) with this sight; the area under our view could not be less than thirty miles, throughout diversified with groves, houses, cultivation, and hills; this expanse might be said to be enclosed within the exterior wall, and formed an irregular polygon." But the most remarkable spectacle was the celebrated Porcelain Tower of Nankin, which has for centuries formed the model for all the crockery pagodas or temples of the European mantel-pieces. The Porcelain Tower is an eight-sided building, of nine stories, progressively decreasing in bulk. It is of great height, and is crowned with a ball said to be of pure gold. The tower is understood to have cost eight hundred thousand pounds of our money. It is built of a fine kind of white tile, baked and glazed, to which the name of porcelain, in this instance, has been applied.

Of course the route of the British party, along the sea-shore, put it out of their power to see the imperial canal, or the great wall, of China. As little had they an opportunity of witnessing the full culture of the tea-plant, which is chiefly done in the central regions

of the country. The population of China, according to the most rational statements given to the mission, by the mandarins, amounted to about two hundred millions. Rating the superficial extent of the empire at one million five hundred square miles, this estimate would give an average population of nearly ninety persons to the square mile; which is a calculation probably very near the truth. The population, however, during the twenty years that have elapsed since the time of the embassy, must have made a considerable increase.

The mechanical dexterity of the Chinese people is great, but they expend their genius chiefly in trifles, being deficient in the enlargement of views, and manufacturing or commercial spirit, which regulate and elevate similar talents in Europe. Their literature, in like manner, is devoted to pleasant trifling, instead of useful and lofty purposes. Stories and fables form the basis of Chinese writing. They are partial to theatrical exhibitions, but these consist, for the most part, of mere buffoonery, of imitations of animals, and legerdemain.

The Chinese people, in short, appear to have in their common character the fundamental constituents of an enlightened and ingenious race; but by the interdiction of foreign intercourse—by the operation of their seemingly unalterable civil, political, and religious laws, they appear doomed to have their faculties imperfectly cultivated, and to remain in their present state of semi-barbarism, until some power shall arise from within—until some wise prince shall ascend the throne, and break down the barriers which ages have heaped in the way of Chinese improvement.

By the accounts, for the year 1835-6, of the British trade at Canton, we find the imports by the British to amount in value to 32,426,623 Spanish dollars, and the exports to 24,877,799 Spanish dollars, thus showing a balance of above seven millions of Spanish dollars in favour of British sales. Opium is by far the most important of the British imports, a quantity exceeding seventeen million dollars in value being sold at Canton in the year in question. Eight million dollars' worth of cotton (raw) constitute the import next in extent, and cotton goods and yarn, woollens, rice, tin, &c. &c. make up the list. The principal article on the side of the exports is tea, above thirteen million dollars worth being sold in this year to the British. The next article is silver, which is marked at three million and a half of dollars; and silk (raw) is exported nearly to the same extent in value. Vermilion, sugar, and a variety of spices and medicinal articles, constitute the bulk of the remaining exports.

THE IRON MINES OF PRESBERG.

The following account of a visit to the iron mines at Presberg, is given by Dr Clarke in his *Travels in Northern Europe*—

For grandeur of effect, filling the mind of the spectator with a degree of wonder which amounts to awe, there is no place where human labour is exhibited under circumstances more tremendously striking. As we drew near to the wide and open abyss, a vast and sudden prospect of yawning caverns and prodigious machinery prepared us for the descent. We approached the edge of the dreadful gulf whence the ore is raised, and ventured to look down, standing upon the verge of a sort of platform, constructed over it in such a manner as to command a view of the great opening as far as the eye could penetrate amidst its gloomy depths; for, to the sight, it is bottomless. Immense buckets, suspended by rattling chains, were passing up and down; and we could perceive ladders scaling all the inward precipices, upon which the work-people (reduced by their distance to pigmies in size) were ascending and descending. Far below the utmost of these figures—a deep and gaping gulf—the mouth of the lowermost pit was, by its darkness, rendered impervious to the view. From the spot where we stood, down to the place where the buckets are filled, the distance might be about seventy-five fathoms; and as soon as any of these buckets emerged from the gloomy cavity we have mentioned, or until they entered it in their descent, they were visible, but below this point they were hid in darkness. The clanking of the chains, the groaning of the pumps, the hallooing of the miners, the creaking of the blocks and wheels, the tramping of the horses, the beating of the hammers, and the loud and frequent subterranean thunder, from the blasting of the rocks by gunpowder, in the midst of all this scene of excavation and uproar, produced an effect which no stranger can behold unmoved. We descended with two of the miners and our interpreter into this abyss. The ladders, instead of being placed like those in our Cornish mines, upon a series of platforms, as so many landing-places, are lashed together in one unbroken line, extending many fathoms; and, being warped to suit the inclination or curvature of the sides of the precipices, they are not always perpendicular, but hang over in such a manner, that, even if a person held fast by his hands, and if his feet should happen to slip, they would fly off from the rock, and leave him suspended over the gulf. Yet such ladders are the only means of access to the works below; and as the labourers are not accustomed to receive strangers, they neither use the precautions nor offer the assistance usually afforded in more frequented mines. In the principal tin-mines of Cornwall, the staves of the ladders are alternate bars of wood and iron; here they are of wood only, and in some parts rotten and broken, making us often wish, during our descent, that we had never undertaken an exploit so hazardous. In addition to the danger to be apprehended from the damaged state of the ladders, the staves were covered with ice or mud, and thus rendered so cold and slippery, that we could have no dependence upon our benumbed fingers if our feet failed us. Then, to complete our apprehensions,

as we mentioned this to the miners, they said, "Have a care! It was just so, talking about the staves, that one of our women fell, about four years ago, as she was descending to her work." "Fell!" exclaimed our Swedish interpreter, rather simply; "and, pray, what became of her?" "Became of her!" continued the foremost of our guides, disengaging one of his hands from the ladder, and slapping it forcibly against his thigh, as if to illustrate the manner of the catastrophe, "she became (pankaka) a pancake."

As we descended farther from the surface, large masses of ice appeared, covering the sides of the precipices. Ice is raised in the buckets with the ore and rubble of the mine; it has also accumulated in such quantity, in some of the lower chambers, that there are places where it is fifteen fathoms thick, and no change of temperature above prevents its increase. This seems to militate against a notion now becoming prevalent, that the temperature of the air in mines increases directly as the depth from the surface, owing to the increased temperature of the earth under the same circumstances, and in the same ratio; but it is explained by the width of this aperture at the mouth of the mine, which admits of a free passage of atmospheric air. In our Cornish mines, ice would not be preserved in a solid state at any considerable depth from the surface.

After much fatigue, and no small share of apprehension, we at length reached the bottom of the mine. Here we had no sooner arrived, than our conductors, taking each of us by an arm, hurried us along through regions of "thick-ribbed ice" and darkness, into a vaulted level, through which we were to pass into the principal chamber of the mine. The noise of countless hammers, all in vehement action, increased as we crept along this level: until, at length, subduing every other sound, we could no longer hear each other speak, notwithstanding our utmost efforts. At this moment we were ushered into a prodigious cavern, whence the sounds proceeded; and here, amidst falling waters, tumbling rocks, steam, ice and gunpowder, about fifty miners were in the very height of their employment. The magnitude of the cavern, over all parts of which their labours were going on, was alone sufficient to prove that the iron ore is not deposited in veins, but in beds. Above, below, on every side, and in every nook of this fearful dungeon, glimmering tapers disclosed the grim and anxious countenances of the miners. They were now driving bolts of iron into the rocks, to bore cavities for the gunpowder for blasting, and a tremendous blast was near the point of its explosion. We had scarcely retraced, with all speed, our steps along the level, and were beginning to ascend the ladders, when the full volume of the thunder reached us, as if roaring with greater vehemence because pent amongst the crashing rocks, whence being reverberated over all the mine, it seemed to shake the earth itself with its terrible vibrations.

SCOTTISH SONGS,

NOT BEFORE PUBLISHED.

No. VII.

NEW VERSION OF JOHN ANDERSON MY JOE.

John Anderson, my Joe, John,
When we two first did meet,
Your hands were far frae slow, John,
And nimble were your feet.
Ye rin at leisure now, John,
A dunch wad lay ye low;
But aye ye'll find a prap in me,
John Anderson, my Joe.
When I was scrimp eighteen, John,
And ye was twenty-five,
O mony a slightly queen, John,
Did for your favour strive.
Ye pass'd them a' for me, John,
And sair they felt the blow
That day ye plighted thro' w' me,
John Anderson, my Joe.
These five and forty years, John,
We man and wife have been,
We've had our cares and fears, John,
And bairns' bairns have seen;
They've brought us nae disgrace, John,
Nor need they blush to show
The names upon your grave and mine,
John Anderson, my Joe.
In har'-time, late and soon, John,
Aye foremost was my hew;
And none in a' the boon, John,
Wi' ye could bind and stoak;
But now I couldna shear, John,
But fecklessly and slow,
And ye wad kemp but puirly now,
John Anderson, my Joe.
Since yoodith's fairly gae, John,
And we nae langer stark,
The lave of life we'll hane, John,
Nor strain ourselves w' work.
We canna wait for meal, John,
Nor fear we'll e'er outgrow
The dudkies now upon our backs,
John Anderson, my Joe.
There's aye an ueno fash, John,
Whan'er the fashions change;
The younkers laugh at us, John—
We think their dresses strange;
But lik dog has his day, John,
And they that jeer us so,
Will by and bye be jeer'd theirsel',
John Anderson, my Joe.
Since death we canna foll, John,
Nor time and fortune ding,
I'm glad ye still can smile, John,
To hear your auld wife sing.
As Christmas nears blume, John,
Beneath the winter's snow,
We'll leave content—and aye we'll do,
John Anderson, my Joe.*

* The basis of the above song has been sent to us as the composition of "an old man, whose father, when a young man, stigmatised Lieutenant Smith after the battle of Preston." The father of the author was, we presume, the honest East-Lothian farmer Skirving, who wrote the ballad usually called *Travest Muir*, beginning "The Chevalier, being void of fear," &c.

A PROJECTED AMERICAN CRUISE.

We take the subjoined very good suggestion from the Boston Mercantile Journal, whose editor, being an old salt himself, knows more about nautical matters, we suspect, than all the other thousand and one editors in the country. "The ship *Pennsylvania*, a vessel of 3000 tons burden, and the largest in the world, is launched, and we hope she will not be suffered to remain inactive, rotting in our dock-yards. This ship, if she is so fine a specimen of naval architecture as has been represented, and we have no occasion to doubt it, should be sent abroad. She should visit many ports in countries where our merchants are in the habit of trading, and her tremendous battery would be more effectual in causing the 'stars and stripes' to be respected, and to secure to our American citizens honourable and courteous treatment, than could be effected by the most able and elaborate diplomatic correspondence. We hope that a year will not elapse before this noble ship, completely equipped and manned, will leave the American shores, under the command of a gallant officer, whether Stewart or Biddle (both Pennsylvanians), we do not care, or of a brave and worthy man of Massachusetts, whom we could name, and wend her way through the world of waters to Britain's fast-anchored isle. Let her visit Portsmouth, and anchor a day or two in the Downs. Let her show herself in the North Sea and Cattegat, and stop at Gottenburg, to exchange salutes with the Swedes, and afterwards at Elsinore reciprocate civilities with the Danish Cronborg Castle. We should also be much pleased to have her visit Cronstadt, the famous seaport of the Czar Nicholas, and we doubt not that the Russian despot would give her a hearty welcome to the waters that wash the shores of his empire, but her draught of water is so great that she would not be able to pass 'the grounds' at Copenhagen without a vast deal of trouble. On her return, she might look in at Cherbourg, in France, and, passing through the Channel, make her compliments to the *Monsieurs* at Brest; and on her way to the Mediterranean, show the Portuguese at Lisbon, and the Spaniards at Cadiz, that Brother Jonathan as well as John Bull has no contemptible notion of ship building. She might afterwards touch at Gibraltar, Barcelona, Port Mahon, Malta, Sicily, Naples, Alexandria, and returning, call at some of the ports of the Barbary powers. Then let her proceed to the East Indies, not forgetting to tarry a day or two at the Cape of Good Hope. Let her astonish the civilised inhabitants and un-civilised natives of the islands in those regions—and keep in motion until she reaches the great seaport of the 'Celestial Empire,' and enable the Chinese to contrast the beauty, strength, and magnitude of the American 'barbarians' with the ill-constructed, uncouth-looking, inefficient war junks which constitute the marine force of this remarkable nation. Let her visit Manila, and afterwards proceed to the western coast of the American continent—stop at Callao, appear off Valparaiso, and double Cape Horn on her return to America. Let her show herself of Monte Video, rest a few days in the harbour of Rio Janeiro, heave to for a few hours in the outer roads of Pernambuco—and then by! for Boston!" Who will deny that a cruise similar in its general outline to the above would be of greater service to our navy and the commerce of our country, than to suffer a specimen of ship-building, of which we have great reason to be proud, to lie a useless hulk at the quay?—*New York Paper.*

THE DEAD SEA.

The ancients believed that living bodies, and even heavy metals, would not sink in the Dead Sea. Pliny and Strabo mention its extraordinary buoyancy. Before I left Jerusalem, I had resolved not to bathe in it, on account of my health; and I had sustained my resolution during the whole of my day's ride along its shore; but, on the point of turning up among the mountains, I could resist no longer. My clothes seemed to come off of their own accord; and before Paul had time to ask me what I was going to do, I was floating on its waters. Paul and the Arabs followed—and, after splashing about for a while, we lay like a parcel of corks upon its surface. From my own experience, I can almost corroborate the most extravagant accounts of the ancients. I know, in reference to my own specific gravity, that in the Atlantic or Mediterranean I cannot float without some little movement of the hands, and even then my body is almost totally submerged; but here, when I threw myself upon my back, my body was half out of water. It was an exertion even for my lank Arabs to keep themselves under. When I struck out in swimming, it was exceedingly awkward; for my legs were constantly rising to the surface, and even above the water. I could have lain there and rest with perfect ease. In fact, I could have slept, and it would have been a much easier bed than the bushes at Jericho. It was ludicrous to see one of the horses; as soon as his body touched the water, he was afloat, and turned over on his side; he struggled with all his force to preserve his equilibrium; but the moment he stopped moving, he turned over on his side again, and almost on his back, kicking his feet out of water, and snorting with terror. The worst of my bath was, after it was over, my skin was covered with a thick glutinous substance, which it required another ablution to get rid of; and after I had wiped myself dry, my body burnt and smarted as if I had been turned round before a roasting fire. My face and ears were encrusted with salt; my hairs stood out, "each particular hair on end," and my eyes were irritated and inflamed, so that I felt the effects of it for several days. In spite of all this, however, revived and refreshed by my bath, I mounted my horse a new man. Modern science has solved all the mystery about this water; it has been satisfactorily analysed, and its specific gravity ascertained to be 1.211, a degree of density unknown in any other, the specific gravity of fresh water being 1.000; and it has been found to hold in solution the following proportions of salt to 100 grains of water:—Muriate of lime, 3.929; muriate of magnesia, 10.246; muriate of soda, 10.360; sulphate of lime, 0.054. Total, 24.589.—*Travels in the Holy Land, &c. by an American.*

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